

Our Fourfooted Friends

AND HOW WE TREAT THEM

EDITED BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH

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IN THE PASTURE

WHAT HUMANE WORKERS ARE DOING

An earnest effort is being made in Havana, Cuba, by Mrs. Jeannette Ryder to educate the public to regard the rights of helpless animals. At a meeting held by the W. C. T. U. Mrs. Ryder gave an excellent address parts of which we will quote here:

"It is an unending cause of wonderment to me that reformers do not more appreciate and encourage the preventive influence furnished by humane and moral education. Busy in their well nigh impossible task of reclaiming criminals, they neglect to take measures to educate the coming men against the woes and misery that oppress and overwhelm the world.

"I have unbounded faith and hope concerning the good that can be accomplished by wise educational measures, but I think we fall far below the possibilities furnished by this means of moulding the plastic natures of our children into the desired forms.

"Among the children of today are the criminals of the future. For my part I wish to do all that I can to make the number of criminals as small as possible by keeping the feet of the children in the right path by impressing upon their susceptible minds the beauty of kindness, the sweetness of justice and the value and dignity of true courage.

"I believe that true reformation is constructive in its measures in place of destructive. That it is a building up of desirable qualities instead of tearing down undesirable ones. The natural tendencies of the human heart are good not evil; therefore by means of proper education the good traits can be made to take the place of and crowd out the evil tendencies.

"I believe the woe of wrong thinking and of wrong doing can be prevented by the moral and humane education of the children. Not spasmodic effort will answer; but insistent, patient education; line upon line, precept upon precept.

"It has been conceded by educators, who of all people are best qualified and placed to make such observations, that by reaching the

heart of the child and implanting ideas of right and justice and proper care and treatment of animals and fellow creatures, you make a thoughtful, compassionate man and good citizen; and good citizenship means good municipal, State and Federal government.

"Hence, I believe that humane and moral education becomes the basis of reform in its broadest sense. Children trained to show kindness and consideration to animals become tender and compassionate, more obedient, more loving. As men they make better legislators, labor leaders, husbands, fathers, and friends.

"Therefore, the mission of the band of Mercy in Cuba, as in other parts of the world, is to endeavor to inculcate humane principles in the young by teaching them to know and respect the rights of animals; to instruct them that cruelty is crime; that kindness promotes happiness, and that good will vanquish evil.

"Furthermore, its distinctive purpose is to show that humanitarianism is not merely a sentiment; a product of the heart rather than of the head; but an essential portion of any intelligible system of ethics or social science. It will lessen wars, incendiary fires, careless workmanship that results in loss of life and property; it will lessen the woe and misery that results from the greed of men, one of the terrible fruits of which is child labor.

"To such of you as see the force and beauty; the spiritualizing influence and moral prosperity consequent upon such teaching we ask that you will help us to take to every child in Cuba the spirit of the pledge of the Band of Mercy, which is: Love, Mercy and Justice to every living creature."

Mrs. Ryder has started a Refuge for dogs and cats at her own expense and is carrying it on under great difficulties. The residents of Havana have not yet waked up to the duty of caring for homeless, suffering and abused animals. In a personal letter from Mrs. Ryder she says: "For five months I have supported alone the Refuge. The work, the expense, the responsibility, rests upon me and upon me alone. The need for a Refuge is greater than even you can realize. It will prove—it now is—the hinge upon which the whole humane development of this country swings. Why

cannot people see? Why are they blind, dumb and indifferent? I sent for your League reports because I am sure they will help me in the work here. I want to build for all time. If a good foundation is laid the work will endure.

"One day last week I went to a poor district of Havana and within a radius of four blocks, within an hour, I picked up from the vacant lots and streets eighteen kittens—starving, miserable, abandoned. My record of cats and kittens that day was twenty-seven. I went after all but one myself and brought them in a basket to the place I have for them here in Havana. Then I chloroformed nearly all of them. And this does not represent all my work, so you see something of the need of a Refuge, a nucleus around which humane effort can center."

If any one wishes to give Mrs. Jeannette Ryder help her address is Prado 99, Havana, Cuba. Certainly her work in trying to establish a Refuge is one that should receive hearty encouragement.

We have received a report of the San Francisco S. P. C. A. and feel unable to decide whether it is encouraging to humane workers or otherwise. For example, the Society has investigated 2932 complaints, but it has only been able out of this great number to prosecute or punish 74. Is it possible that out of 2932 complaints of ill treatment of animals only the extremely small proportionate number of 74 were deserving of punishment? Again, the report says that 20,327 horses and mules were examined and out of that great number 196 only were taken from their owners and killed.

The Animal Rescue League examined, perhaps, 200 horses last year, and out of this number 105 were taken by the League and killed. Horses that are in a sufficiently bad condition to draw forth a complaint we find, in nine cases out of ten, in need of immediate attention, and at least half of them are too old and feeble to work any longer. The feeling is strong, however, against "taking a poor man's horse away from him," as it is often expressed. The poor man may, and usually does, owe his poverty to drinking whiskey and rum. The money with

which he buys his intoxicants ought to purchase food for his wife and family and hard-working, faithful horse, but try to take away his horse that he is starving and abusing and a great cry of sympathy goes out for the "poor man." I have heard this again and again—usually from other men, not women, and I most firmly believe that the sympathy given to the drunkard, and the fact that no matter how much he spends on rum he himself will not be allowed to suffer or to starve, increases the crime of drunkenness. His wife may work hard and suffer, his children may multiply and be supported by charitable organizations, his horse may be a walking skeleton and show the marks of many blows, but he will be supported, upheld, encouraged, fed and warmly clothed, and he will not be troubled or interfered with unless he commits some outrageous crime that cannot be passed over.

The Animal Rescue League was fortunate enough to get four wretched horses away from a drunkard while he was getting over the effects of a prolonged debauch last month, and his wife, reduced to great need, offered the horses for sale.

It will be found that men who are contemptuous on the subject of kindness to horses, dogs and cats, are very apt to be maudlin in their sympathy for drunkards and other evil-doers. We need a severe course of instruction in our schools, churches and clubs on common justice.

In looking over some old letters dated 1895, we find that Mr. G. W. Plummer, of Plummer & Thompson, druggists, Lakeport, N. H., quickly cured his pet dog of the mange with Veterinary X-Zalia. This remedy is practically a sure cure for mange on all sores of animals. Although advertised but little it is used for that purpose in kennels and stables everywhere. The Animal Rescue League endorses it strongly. It is a liquid clean to use, and animals do not fight its application. Veterinary X-Zalia is sold in large bottles for \$1.00 at any druggist or direct at the X-Zalia Corporation, 55 Battery-march Street, Boston, Mass.—*Advt.*

"A man is not good at all unless he takes pleasure in noble deeds."



FOR YOUNGER
READERS

Willie's Prize

"Mother, there comes Willie home again with a most disgracefully dirty little cur slinking along behind him. I think it is perfectly ridiculous. That boy has got a perfect mania for picking up stray dogs and cats. I do hope Delia won't let it into the kitchen. I told her the other day never to let a stray creature into the house again, and if she does I really think you ought to give her warning."

Isabel Boynton stopped for want of breath to continue, and her mother, looking up from the book she was reading, said,—

"What are you worrying about now, Isabel? What harm does a stray dog or cat do you that you should begrudge them a meal and a night's lodging? Delia found a good home for the last dog Willie brought home, and that was surely better than leaving it on the street to starve."

"But, mother, they are so dirty and horrid I can't bear to see them around."

Just then a bright little boy about eight years old burst into the room. His eyes were shining, his cheeks all aglow, and he began to speak eagerly.

"Oh mamma, I've found such a poor, wretched little doggie on the street! Some boys were throwing stones at him and I made them stop, I tell you. He is lame and he trembles all over, and he is starved, I'm sure, and Delia says I must ask you if she can feed him. Can she?"

"We don't want stray dogs in the house," Isabel exclaimed, as soon as she could get a chance, "and you are a naughty boy to bring him in. Very likely he has the mange or fleas, and our Flossie will catch something of him if he stays here. Mamma, tell Willie to take him away, won't you?"

Mrs. Boynton looked at her children in silent perplexity. They were so different. Willie was generous, warm hearted and impulsive, and Isabel so cold and so hard to move; yet Mrs. Boynton could not but hope that there was a vein of tenderness deep down in her daughter's heart, only it was so difficult to reach. Isabel was a continual problem to her mother; she could not understand such a disposition. Herself kindhearted, she liked to see her children sympathize with suffering in any form, but she was a timid mother and not so much given to disciplining her children as to giving way to them. Isabel's selfishness, however, was beginning to trouble her seriously and she wanted, if possible, to make her daughter see for herself what a fault in her character this was. She stooped down and took up from the rug at her feet a dainty little white poodle and placed him on her lap. It was Flossie, a great pet with all the household.

"Isabel, give me your attention for a moment. Suppose Flossie should get lost and suppose a large dog should attack him and bite him and make him lame, and roll him in the mud, and you should go by afterwards and see him on the street, do you think you would recognize your dainty white pet?"

"I dare say I should not, mamma; but it is very unpleasant to imagine such a thing."

"Still you know it might easily happen. This very dog you want Delia to close the door upon

may have been somebody's pet once and used to a good home, and even supposing he never had a comfortable home or kind care, do you suppose he is incapable of suffering?"

Isabel's cheeks grew red and there was a suspicion of tears in her eyes. Willie seized his mother by the hand.

"Oh, come, mamma, come! The little dog will be starved if you wait any longer."

"I want you to come too, Isabel," Mrs. Boynton said, and they all went together to the kitchen.

Such a piteous little dog as it was, all huddled by the stove and shaking with weakness and fear. Such a poor, pathetic little creature,—muddy, lame, and hollow-eyed. The sight of it was enough to melt the heart of anyone who stopped to think a little. Isabel looked at the forlorn little object and tears started to her eyes. She said,—

"Oh, let us take care of him mamma!"

Delia was only too glad to get her mistress's permission to feed him, and when the dish of meat was set before him and he devoured it ravenously, she said,—

"God bless the poor little wretch; he was just at death's door with hunger. When my work is done up I'll give him a nice bath and that will make him feel better."

It was wonderful what just one week's good care did for the little dog. For the first two or three days he slept nearly all the time on a little bed they made up for him in the shed; then the thin sides began to fill out, the worn hollow look disappeared from his eyes, his lameness all went away, and they discovered that he was really a very pretty little Scotch terrier.

"He is of good breed," Mr. Boynton said, "and he ought to be intelligent."

But it was not until they had had him nearly two weeks that he began to show any special signs of intelligence. He chose one morning at the breakfast table for his first scene of action. He and Flossie were great friends and were now equally admitted to the privileges of the family. They were lying on the rug before the fireplace and the family were at breakfast. Willie called Flossie and made him stand up and beg for a piece of bread. The new comer looked at the performance curiously, then got up, shook him-

self, stood up on his hind legs and in that manner walked up to the table and stood by Willie's chair, laying one paw on his little master's knee, apparently wholly unmoved by the shouts of applause that greeted his performance. The next day Mrs. Boynton asked Isabel rather hastily to "shut the door," but before Isabel got started the little dog had run up to it and shut it himself by throwing himself against it. Every few days someone in the family discovered some new sign of intelligence in Carlo as they had decided to call him. He would carry a basket in his mouth a long distance. He would drop down and pretend he was dead, and one day when Isabel was playing on the piano, he got up and actually took a few steps as if he were dancing.

Mr. Boynton had advertised him faithfully as soon as he found that he was a valuable dog, but no answer having come they began to look upon him as really their own. He was devoted to Willie. It seemed as if he remembered the good service the boy had done him and could not show too much gratitude and love in return for it. When Willie was out of school the two were inseparable and Carlo always attended Willie to the schoolroom door and went to meet him when he returned.

They had had him six months and all the family had become greatly attached to him when he found his old master. Willie was coming home from school one day and Carlo was with him as usual when suddenly Carlo gave a sharp bark and made a frantic dash at a gentleman who was approaching from the opposite direction. He jumped upon him with little barks and whines of joy, and the person who was so warmly greeted evidently was as glad as the dog for he actually took Carlo up in his arms, and Willie, who by that time was standing stock still looking on in amazement, declared afterwards that there were tears in the man's eyes. When the first great excitement had a little subsided the man looked curiously at Willie, then he smiled at him very pleasantly.

"Where did you get my little dog?" he asked. "I was afraid I should never see him again."

Willie told him the story as well as he could with Carlo jumping first on his old master, then on his new master as if he were trying to introduce them to each other, and to tell them how

glad he was they had met. When Willie had finished the story he looked sorrowfully up in the gentleman's face and said,—

"I suppose you will want to take him away now, and oh, how we shall miss him!"

Mr. Carter looked as sad as Willie and for a moment he could not speak, then he said,—

"I think I will leave him with you for the present at any rate, for my wife and I are travelling about a good deal. He belonged to my little girl and she has gone from us now. She died the week that Charlie got lost. But I would like to go with you and see his new home. How came you to call him Carlo?"

"Oh, we tried every name we could think of and he wouldn't notice till we hit upon Carlo, and then he acted as if he knew that name."

"My little girl named him Charlie and the names sound something alike."

Mr. Carter was very much pleased with Carlo's new home, and expressed a great deal of gratitude to all the family for taking in a strange dog.

"I have never allowed any dog or cat to be turned from my doors," he said, "but I know many persons are very thoughtless about such animals and I felt very anxious about our pet. It is a great comfort and relief to find him so well and happy."

Mr. Carter never claimed Carlo. He and his wife went abroad again the next day and were gone a long time and when they returned they said it would be cruel to take Carlo from a home where he was so happy, so they made Willie a present of him.

Isabel grew as fond of Carlo as of Flossie. The two little dogs became great friends and no homeless dog or cat was ever turned away by Isabel's orders.—Anna Harris Smith.

A Pony's Grief

I had a few months ago a pair of ponies, bought by me almost as colts, and never separated for an hour for seven years, said the writer, Ouida. This summer one of them, Ali, died. During his illness the sorrow, wonder, and efforts to rouse him, of his stable companion, were touching to behold. They were both loose in a very large box, where they habitually

lived together, and the one in health, Odo, was constantly whinnying over his sick friend, licking him and trying to induce him to eat hay, which he brought to him in his teeth. When Ali was really dead and responded to his caresses no more, Odo's grief was poignant and piteous. It lasted longer than most brothers' regret would endure. Five months have gone by, but he has not forgotten. When I take him his sugar he neighs wistfully and looks about for his dead comrade. This is not fiction; it is plain fact. It is pure mental pain, pain of the affections and the regrets. He wants for nothing materially, but he mourns his lost friend.

Good for the Colonel

A dog belonging to the Naples fire brigade was such a clever animal and such a favorite with the corps that his death has called forth the following letter from the colonel in command to the editor of the *Piccolo*:

"Dear Sir:—It may seem strange that I trouble you with these lines on a subject that everyone will consider of no importance; I mean the death of the little dog in our barracks, and while thanking you for what you published concerning the dog, I will add that you have not heard a hundredth part of the merits of the dear little creature. She was a phenomenon, and except the gift of speech, possessed an intelligence superior to that of many human beings. She had incredible affection for all the members of the corps, and love of the service confided to her, facing many dangers and issuing from them with wounds and burns. If you had witnessed the scene that took place about 7 A. M. yesterday in our barracks, when the death of the dog was known, it is certain that you would have been touched, as, indeed, we all of us were moved to tears, and we are 200. The little body of the dog has been stuffed, and it will be a dear remembrance for all of us, but the void left will not be easily filled up."—From the *London Daily News*.

The void left by the death of a dog that has been a constant, loving and faithful companion, certainly is a void to be deeply felt. It cannot be easily filled.—Ed.

Devotion of Gyp

One hundred and twenty-four miles is a long distance for a short-legged little fox terrier to travel in less than one week, yet a certain fox terrier named Gyp recently went all that way to see her two babies, from which she had been taken. And she had no one to tell her the direction. Instinct and mother love taught her where to go.

Gyp, who is a very young mother, only eighteen months old, lives in the far West, says the New York Tribune. Her master is Harry C. Fisher of Salt Lake City. Gyp accompanied her master on a visit to Weston, Ida., and stayed with him on a ranch owned by August Jenson. One day, while they were there, Gyp came frisking to Mr. Fisher with an extra amount of pride in the wag of her nipped-off tail, and informed him in her doggish language that she had something very beautiful to show him. Naturally his curiosity was aroused, and he followed where, barking and jumping joyously, she led him. There, hidden away in one of the barns, was a litter of little blinking puppies.

There was a large family of them at first, but as dog families will, they dwindled to two before many weeks passed. But Gyp loved these two dearly, and when, Mr. Fisher's visit being ended, he took Gyp away with him and left the puppies, she was grieved, as any mother would be. The babies were six weeks old then.

About four weeks after their arrival in Salt Lake City, Mr. Fisher missed Gyp. At first he did not worry. He thought she had just gone out for a run, or on a hunt for the bones which are so dear to the heart of even the most carefully brought up dog. But a whole day passed, and no Gyp. The Fisher family began to be concerned. Two weeks passed, and still no Gyp. The Fishers mourned their pet as lost. She must have been killed or stolen, they said. Then a thought struck Mr. Fisher. He sent a post-card to Mr. Jenson, Weston, Ida. And great was the rejoicing in the Fisher family when the answer came, for it announced that Gyp was safe and sound at the Jenson ranch. She had arrived, footsore, but happy, ten days before.

"Her arrival was the occasion of great re-

joicing in the kennel," said the note. "The two pups and Gyp barked and rolled each other around in great shape."

CARE OF OUR USEFUL FRIENDS

Points of a Bad Stable

Horses brought in hot and breathing hard.

Harness stripped off roughly, and horses rushed into stalls without rubbing, cleaning, or sponging.

Horses' legs washed.

Horses allowed to drink their fill, no matter how hot; or not watered at all.

Grain fed before the horses are rested.

Feet not washed or examined until the horse goes lame.

Horses receive no water after eating their hay, until next morning.

Scanty bedding.

No bedding on Sundays until night, and horses watered only twice.

Hay and grain of poor quality.

Bran mash not given — too much trouble.

Hayloft dusty and dirty.

Stable full of cobwebs.

Harness unclean; sweat allowed to accumulate on inside of collars.

Narrow stalls.

Horses tied short for fear of their being cast, as is likely when they are put up dirty.

Stable close — no ventilating shaft.

Windows dirty.

Manure pit ventilates into stable.

Stalls boarded up high, where the horses' heads are.

Men loafing in the stable in the evening and on Sunday.

Horses not cleaned on Sunday.

No slatted outside doors for hot nights.

No place for drying wet blankets.

Uncomfortable room for man in charge; no bathtub.

Stable foreman addicted to drink.

Worst of all — Horses handled roughly, knocked about; general atmosphere of noise and profanity.

Owner never sees the horses taken out or put up.—From Report of the Work Horse Parade.

Watch His Ears

An interested horse has an alert ear. Watch him when on a strange road, how interested he is in it all; watch his ears and you'll know what he thinks of it. Watch when his ears droop—how stupid he finds it all, or how tired he is, or how he needs a kind word to cheer him up.

If you watch your horse's ears you may be saved from some accidents; he is talking to you, and you may find his language quite as valuable as Latin or Greek—that is if you have to do with horses. Speak gently and he will learn to trust you, and don't swear at him, he knows all about it, and if you lose your temper, don't be surprised if he loses his also. Watch his ears; every movement, every flick is telling you something. When I lived in the country my delight was to run down the paddock for a chat with my dear horse, and he enjoyed the chat too, for while I whispered to him his great, beautiful, brown head would come gently lower and lower, till his chin rested on my shoulder, and so we chatted together, his ears going as fast as my tongue!

I have often amused myself when in the Sydney streets, watching the horses' ears. The tired toilers in the 'bus put their heads close together, flick their ears this way and that, evidently giving their opinion, perhaps of their owner, and very likely he would not be complimented if he heard it—possibly he may hear it one day. When two horses are standing at the shop entrance, strangers, being in different vehicles, you will see them lift their heads, smell each other, move their soft muzzles about, and then the ears go swiftly—they have begun their chat; perhaps remarking what a blessing it is that the drivers may now take the bit out of their mouth when giving them some refreshment, and wondering why some of them don't do it. A horsey man once regretted that women did not move their ears as his horses did, for then he could understand their tempers—he made no mistakes with his horses!

From France comes the information that good results have been obtained from the use of sugar to overcome the great fatigue in

horses when overworked. The horses employed in the service of the National Military College in transacting the business of the establishment are exposed during the rainy season to great strain and consequent exhaustion as a result of slippery roads and the increased amount of transportation due to certain conditions then prevailing. For this reason many horses in past years have succumbed to the excessive strain. Very many became sick. Pathogenic microbes found in the prevailing conditions favorable fields for their development and fatigue caused great loss of appetite, loss of flesh, pulmonary lesions, cardiac disturbances. The good results obtained by a military surgeon from the use of sugar in large doses in forced marches led him to employ it for the purpose of overcoming fatigue. Two hundred grams of sugar were fed daily, mixed with the horse's food and distributed regularly throughout the day. Not only did the fatigue disappear, but many animals until then useless because of their miserable condition recovered their normal strength and rendered good service.—Buffalo Horse World.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF HUMANE WORK

How Much?

I was showing two young men the kennels recently. One of them was interested in the dogs. The other said, pleasantly, that our work for horses interested him much more, for "dogs could take care of themselves, but horses could not." I invited him to visit our Home of Rest for Horses, but he drew back, alarmed, and said that he could not do anything for them, to which I replied that he could visit the Home without expense. But I could not help thinking how empty were his expressions of sympathy for the horse and how many men and women sympathized the same way. This young man was well dressed; he was evidently a smoker; he probably goes to the theatre and baseball games, and I was tempted to ask him if he would go without his little luxuries—tobacco, and such like, for just one week



A LEAGUE DOG

and put the money he would have spent for these pleasures aside for the horses.

How many of those who profess to care for the sufferings of the higher, or the lower, animals, ever make any real sacrifice of their personal comfort for them?

There are women, I am privileged to know a few, who go without new hats and gowns and concert and theatre tickets and many other things that make life pleasant for the sake of their suffering fellow creatures, but they are the exception. Very few men or women make sacrifices for objects they profess to be interested in. The great power of the Gospel of Christ lay in the fact that he gave His life for the cause He loved.

Again and again I am reminded of the crowd gathered about a weeping boy whose whole stock of newspapers had been ruined by an accident. Many in the crowd were sympathetic, many said "it was a shame," "too bad," etc., but only one man stepped out and said, while passing his hat: "I am sorry one dollar's worth. How sorry are you, and you, and you?" and the weeping boy soon had the price of a new stock of newspapers in his hands.

I do not think we can really compare the sufferings of the horse and the dog or say which suffers most. Our visitor said that dogs could take care of themselves, which showed how little he knew about dogs. No animal is more dependent upon mankind for his comfort and happiness than the dog. I doubt if any animal is as dependent. Not only does he look to man for his food, but no animal suffers so intensely when deprived of love, of home, of friends, as the dog. Notice the lost or purposely deserted dog before he becomes so wild, through repeated repulses, as to fear mankind, and if you are at all observant, if you have any spark of sympathy, you cannot fail to be touched by the pathetic pleading in the eyes raised to every passer-by, while with a faint wag of the drooping tail he asks as plainly as if he spoke in words: "Can't I go along with you? Won't you take me into your heart and home? I have a heart full of love I will give you in return—do not drive me away!"

When night comes on the homeless cat can usually find some hole to crawl into that will afford a slight shelter at least for her little, thin body. The dog has to curl himself up in the open field, his bed sometimes a snowdrift. Driven from one place to another, shunned by weak and cowardly persons who imagine every homeless, famishing dog to be "mad," he travels miles to find some friendly hand to save him from his misery and often succumbs to hunger, thirst and disease while on the road seeking a home.

We are accused sometimes of being too careful where we place the homeless dogs at the League. It is because we realize so thoroughly the misery of dogs; how few, comparatively, receive the care and the affection they need, and how few persons who want them are capable of understanding or ministering to their needs, that we try to exercise the greatest care when we place them and would rather know that they were safe in death than to give them into homes where their lives can be nothing but misery.—A. H. S.

We must make ourselves great and strong again by association.—Mazzini.

HUMANE EDUCATION

The president of the League had the pleasure of giving a lantern-slide talk in Dalton, September 21, to the Young Defenders, a band of 250 young people organized by Mrs. Franklin Couch, and doing good work in caring for neglected animals, and the same week a parlor talk in Pittsfield for the purpose of encouraging the work of forming an Animal Rescue League there. The newspapers were kind in their comments, but one editor wrote a paragraph which called forth a reply. Undoubtedly, many persons feel as did this editor, so the reply which was given in the Berkshire Eagle may do some good if repeated here:

To the Editor of The Eagle:—

I note in a short editorial paragraph of September 24, that you speak favorably of the proposed shelter in Pittsfield for homeless and uncared for dogs and cats, but add a congratulatory clause to the effect that interest in these animals has not gone far enough to have seashore cottages for cats, and marble headstones for dead dogs. May I suggest that while the habit of leaving cats to starve to death on the beaches is so common just one "seashore cottage," where these deserted cats could be taken in and cared for humanely, would be a most praiseworthy and sensible proposition. May I also add that it is a question of whether there is not often more reason in erecting marble monuments to the memory of faithful, loving dogs than in honor of some man who has done nothing to be remembered for excepting evil, and who has been unfaithful to all that was good.

I once visited a cemetery for dogs near Paris. The first object that met my eye was a handsome monument erected to the memory of Barry, a noble St. Bernard on an Alpine Pass, who did more good in his short life than many men whose names have been recorded as heroes. Under the name of Barry was this inscription in French:

"He saved the lives of forty persons. He was killed by the forty-first."

Another stone recorded the fact that a dog nine months old with a broken paw saved his owner's little child from drowning. Many of the marble stones testify to the love some dog had deservedly won, and kept even after death,

Men and women of great minds have loved their dogs well enough to put up stones to their memory.

This epitaph, which Lord Byron wrote for his Newfoundland dog, his "One Friend," is well worth remembering and considering.

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been:
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth.

Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on,—it honors none you wish to mourn;
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one,—and here he lies.

Robert Southey has also written a beautiful epitaph for his dog:

"Mine is no narrow creed;
And He who gave thee being did not frame
The mystery of life to be the sport
Of merciless man. There is another world
For all that live and move—a better one!
Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine
Infinite Goodness to the little bounds
Of their own charity, may envy thee."

Ouida wrote this touching epitaph:

"He chose death rather than unfaithfulness.
He knew no better.
He was only a dog."

Could I have space granted me I would give many instances similar to the above, and those who scoff at such loving memorials to dogs simply show their own ignorance of their faithful, devoted nature. Unselfish love and faithful service are far too rare in this sad world for us to think of them lightly even when they emanate from the heart of "only a dog."

ANNA HARRIS SMITH.

President of the Animal Rescue League.

Infinite is the help man can yield to man.
A man is sufficient for himself; yet ten men,
united in love, were capable of being and of
doing what ten thousand single would fail in,
—Carlyle,



FUZZY. Died September 26

IN MEMORIAM

"I do believe, my dog, that you
Have some beyond some future new.
Why not? In heaven's inheritance
Space must be cheap where wordly light
In boundless, limitless expanse
Rolls grandly, far from human sight.

"He who has given such patient care,
Such constancy, such tender trust,
Such ardent zeal, such instincts rare,
And made you something more than dust,
May yet release the speechless thrall
At death—there's room enough for all."

The Mystery of Suffering in Animals and Their Immortality

The question of animal pain and suffering is, perhaps, more interesting than any other subject connected with the lower creation. That the higher class of animals suffer from pain as acutely as man is, I think, quite susceptible of proof. That their diseases are much the same, assume the same types and require the same treatment as those of man, is known to every veterinarian. For instance, the phenomena of inflammation are exactly the same as in man. We believe the pain to be the same. We can hardly doubt but that the desire of the animal to get well is the same as in man. But here we meet in our investigation with a difficult obstacle, which I do not attempt to solve. I merely mean to state it and the facts connected with it. Animals suffer from pain, from

disease, from accidents; such is the law of Providence, the law of creation, so far as we can see. Man also suffers from pain, disease, and accidents. In man we are taught to believe these trials are sent by an all-wise Creator for purposes ultimately beneficial to man—an immortal, imperishable creature—though we may not be able to see the immediate good results. We look forward to a future world as giving compensation, and in a Christian sense utilizing the pains and trials of this passing life in a future state. But this solution of these uses of pain and suffering in man will not solve the question of animal pain and suffering unless—here I pause for a moment. It would seem to be inconsistent with the ways of an all-wise and merciful Creator to bring into existence these countless millions of the animal creation—all suffering pain and disease, very many suffering great evils from man—unless in some way or other there is a future before those animals.

Man has, we believe, a divine soul, an emanation of the Deity. May not animals have, in some way of which we have no idea (for it has not been revealed to us), what I may term an animal soul—some future existence, some compensation for pain and suffering here on earth, some reward in some future state? It is impossible to limit the ways of the Almighty; His ways are past finding out. It seems to me that we, as Christians, would be guilty of wrong ideas towards the Creator unless we believe—not that God has created myriads of creatures for constant pain and suffering, but rather that, in some way past our finding out, animals must have, some future existence.

For myself, I cannot but believe that there is in every one of the lower creation soul, of what nature I know not, but soul, appropriate to and suited to the instinct of each creature brought into the world by the will of the great Creator.

Is it possible to believe the Saviour's words, that not a sparrow shall fall to the ground without His heavenly Father's knowledge—is it possible to believe those words unless we also believe that God Almighty exercises far greater care and takes far greater interest in

animals, than man in his selfish pride is perhaps willing to admit?

Animal suffering and a future in prospect for animals must always, I think, be present to those who make veterinary science their life's study. It is impossible for a man of average sensibility to observe closely and to note the painful expression and the intelligence of those creatures, whose structure and organization he has to investigate before he can minister to their ailments—it is impossible for him to witness their sufferings, to witness the brutal treatment which they too often meet with from ignorant and cruel men; it is impossible for him to see these things without sorrow, without endeavoring to alleviate their agony, and endeavoring to ameliorate their hard fate. It is said to be, and justly said to be, the type of the highest Christian virtue to do good to those who cannot repay you, who cannot or who will not even thank you. If this be so—and it is so—then there can be no higher virtue than the alleviation of animal pain and suffering.

And whether animals have a future or not, it is certain that they feel pain and suffering as keenly as we do ourselves; it is certain that they understand kindness or cruelty; above all it is certain, because it is consistent with the Christian religion, to believe that cruelty by man to the lower animals will bring its own punishment in that future world to which man, whether for his virtues or for his vices, whether for his weal or woe, is heir immortal.—Extract from *Horses and Stables* by Lieut.-General Sir F. Fitz Wygram, Bart.



RESCUED BY A LEAGUE MEMBER

be weeks before he can travel at all. Another is stiff and lame and so broken down that we would like to purchase him from the man who sent him if he will sell him at a reasonable price. Four of the horses we took have gone back to work and are looked after once every week by one of our agents. These horses spent from six to ten weeks in our Home and were greatly benefited by their vacation.

We have had a present of a very pretty and valuable little open carriage with harness for horse from a very kind and generous member of the League. Harnesses, blankets, anything useful for our work, is very acceptable.

The Animal Rescue League is having an exhibit in the second balcony of the main hall of Mechanics' Building during the continuance of the large fair held there from October 7 until November 2. We hope that many of our friends will call on us there. October 19 we shall give a special reception in the small hall devoted during the fair to such purposes, when we shall have several speakers and music between the hours of three and five. Tea will be served in the reception room.

On November 12, 13 and 14 the annual convention of the American Humane Association, a federation of humane societies, meets in Boston and holds its meetings at the Commonwealth Avenue Baptist Church, corner of Commonwealth avenue and Clarendon street.

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES

Two horses now resting at our annex were in such great need of rest that just to look at them is most pitiful. One was sold only a year ago for \$180 to a company who deserve much blame for the condition he is in. A member of the League saw him and requested us to buy him at her expense, and he was got with difficulty to our Home of Rest, from whence he will never go unless to do little errands when we wish to send to Dedham village, but it will

These meetings, which will be held forenoon, afternoon and evening, should be of the greatest interest to all who sympathize with the work which humane societies established for the protection of children and animals are doing all over this country.

The Animal Rescue League wishes to show special attentions to delegates, and I should be very glad to have the assistance of members of the League in receiving delegates and providing sandwiches and light refreshments for their entertainment during the three days they are here. Any who are willing to assist will please address Mrs. Huntington Smith, 51 Carver street, Boston. We should be glad to have the promise of tea, coffee, sandwiches or cake, or money to buy such refreshments. The meetings are apt to come so close together that delegates coming from a distance hardly have time to go out between them for refreshments.

We hope that everyone interested in the work of the League is bearing in mind our annual fair, December 2 and 3, at Copley Hall, about which more particulars will be given later. Every little help counts—an apron, a pincushion, a doll, or a dollar, and everyone who has any pity for homeless and suffering animals should be glad of this opportunity of helping a practical work which takes care of hundreds of them every month. No one could stay a half-day at the League and watch the many wretched dogs and cats rescued from the streets and brought there to have their sufferings ended, or the happier and healthier ones that are sure to find good homes, without wishing to help us. No one could go out to

our Home of Rest for Horses, in Dedham, and see the tired horses enjoying themselves without wishing to have a hand in helping them. So we hope for generous contributions to our fair, both in money and articles, and we are ready to receive such help now.

Horses' Aid Association Prizes

The prizes for the Horses' Aid Association were given in September to two cab drivers. Mr. John Maloney, who has his station in Park Square, received the first prize of twenty dollars, and Mr. John Hurley, whose stand is at 84 Boylston Street, received the second prize of fifteen dollars. No other prizes were given as every other man who entered the contest either sold his horse during the year without notifying us, or failed to appear at one of the monthly appointments when our veterinary doctor examines the horses. The two men who received the prizes deserve the patronage of all who are interested in the right care of horses.

For mange or any sore upon a dog or a cat Veterinary X-Zalia is the most effective remedy in existence. It is used and recommended by the Animal Rescue League. It is a liquid without alcohol and will not soil even the finest lace, does not hurt, and cats and dogs will not cringe or fight its application. It is sold in bottles containing nearly a quart, and the price is \$1.00 per bottle. It can be obtained through your druggist or the X-Zalia Corporation, 57 Batterymarch Street, Boston, Mass.—*Advt.*

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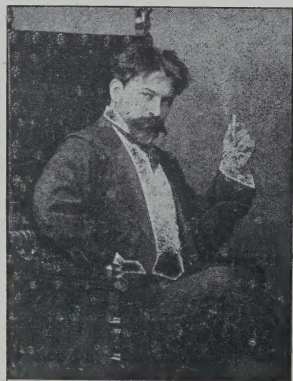
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